

Surviving journal fragment, providing a pretty accurate picture of what it was like hanging out with Donald Kilbuck in the late 1990s:

July 1, 1998 - *In the early evening, I was surprised by a knock at the door. I looked through the peep-hole and saw Donald Kilbuck laughing his ass off in the stairwell for no apparent reason. He's tired of his job in Valdez and has returned to Anchorage.*

Further questioning revealed his Native Corporation Check is due so he won't have to worry about work for awhile.



Valdez Harbor, crack of dawn.

He plans to use the money from his check to ferry his van to Kodiak where he'll stay until his next Native Check arrives. Then he will use that money to deliver himself back to Anchorage. Well, we all need something to do.

I ended up joining him on a spontaneous 6-hour drive to Valdez where he planned to deliver a bag of clothing to his friend, Patrick.

The roadtrip scenery was beautiful as always, but especially so considering the sunny weather, there was none of Valdez's characteristic rain. We rolled into town around 2:00 a.m. & hung out at the Sugarloaf Bar which is owned by the Village Inn (Donald's workplace for the past month).

Posted above the bar, for all to see, was a chalkboard with the message, "Today's Specials" painted on the top section of the frame. Instead of drink prices, the board said, "You're In Good Hands With Allstate - Jon D. Gilliom" & then my phone number! Donald's doing obviously. I have no idea how long it had been up there.

I was pleased to learn the bar did not close until 4:30 a.m. & started in on beer by the pitcher. Donald was determined to wait around until 3:30 a.m. & then go wake Patrick up & give him a ride to work (he works at the Sugarloaf too). The bar was a lot of fun & there were a lot of cool fishery workers in town from all over the country.

By closing time, Donald returned without Patrick. Apparently, it was Patrick's night off & he did not appreciate the wake-up visit at all. As the bar began to close, a fellow named Chris offered to take us out on his boat, so we bought a six pack to go, the bartender charged us \$18.00 for it! He claimed that since the bar was technically closed, he could get in a lot of trouble for selling. We were drunk enough to go through with the transaction.

At this point, we weren't sure if Chris was bullshitting us or not, but we were just going with the flow. Who cares? Sure enough, once we arrived at the dock, Chris pulled the battery out of his car, stuck it in a boat, and we were off.

As the sun came up, we were taking turns steering the boat around Valdez Harbor. It was beautiful and invigorating. When the beer was gone, we returned to the dock, reattached the car battery, and I offered to buy Chris breakfast in exchange for the boat ride. By now, it was after 7:00 a.m. and we were on our way to Sunday morning breakfast at the Totem Inn.



Donald & Chris in the cabin.



Chris, our Captain.

We really ordered up at the Totem Inn, but by the time our food came, Chris was face down on the table. I don't think he ate a bite of his breakfast. The restaurant became very full as the Sunday morning crowd was arriving. Chris was drawing a lot of looks and comments. I can't believe they didn't kick us out. Donald and I just laughed and ate as if everything were normal. We were super hungry and not about to leave, no matter how many people were staring.

When we were finished, we carried Chris out. Luckily, he was able to vaguely direct us to a friend's house (or we interpreted it that way). We left him laying on the front porch and then began our three hour drive back to Anchorage.